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& BYSTANDER

AUGUST 28,1957
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CHARLOTTE CRÖY





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OR THE SECRETARY, 63, GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU, VALLETTA, MALTA.



PRINCESS CHARLOTTE CROY is the daughter of Prince and Princess Alexander Cröy who live in Yeomans Row, Chelsea, where this photograph was taken. She was presented on April 4 this year, and has had a very enjoyable time as a débutante this season. She is very interested in heraldry, country arts, and family histories, and is fond of reading. Ski-ing is her favourite sport, and she goes every year to the Austrian Tyrol

#### DIARY OF THE WEEK

From August 28 to September 4

Aug. 28 (Wed.) Cricket: Kent v. West Indies (to 30th) at Canterbury.

National Radio and Television Exhibition (to September 7) at Earls Court.

Aldershot Horse Show (to 31st), Rushmoor Arena, Aldershot.

Racing at Brighton and Catterick Bridge.

Aug. 29 (Thu.) Monmouthshire Agricultural Show at Monmouth.

Skye Games, Portree, Isle of Skye.

Kensington Antiques Fair (to September 12) at Kensington Town Hall.

Racing at Brighton and Carlisle.

Aug. 30 (Fri.) Cowal Highland Games (two days), Dunoon, Argyllshire.

Motor bicycle racing: National Speed Hill Climb (two days), Shelsley Walsh, near Worcester.

Dances: Mrs. Drummond of Megginch for Miss April Drummond, at Megginch Castle, Perthshire; Mrs. Alwyne Farquharson of Invercauld, for Miss Marybelle Gordon, at Invercauld.

Racing at Windsor.

Walsh, near Worcester.

Aug. 31 (Sat.) The Vine Hunt Show in Hampshire. Motor Sport : National Speed Hill Climb, Shelsley

Thames Punting Championships (provisional date), at Maidenhead.

Racing at Windsor, Lanark and Pontefract; steeplechasing at Buckfastleigh.

Sept. 1 (Sun.) Three Choirs Festival (to 6th) at

Sept. 2 (Mon.) Partridge and Wildfowl shooting begins.

Farnborough Air Display (to 8th), Farnborough. Hampshire.

First Night: Jose Limon Company at Sadler's

Racing at Lewes and Birmingham.

Sept. 3 (Tue.) Polo: Rhinefield Polo Club Tournamen (to 7th).

Motor bicycle racing: Manx Grand Prix (and 5th). Isle of Man.

Racing at Birmingham.

Sept. 4 (Wed.) Highland Games at Aboyne.

Romsey Agricultural and Horse Show at Broadlands Park.

Southern Counties Canine Association Championship Dog Show at Hove.

Racing at Bath and Lincoln; steeplechasing at Newton



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BOND STREET AND KNIGHTSBRIDGE





Tony Armstrong Jones

## A mother shares her daughter's birthday

PRINCESS ANNE celebrated her seventh birthday on the fifteenth of August. This happy photograph of the Queen and her daughter, typifying as it does the close family ties which unite the whole Royal Family, not only together

but to the country and Commonwealth as a whole, was taken in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. On this occasion the young Princess wore a pale green dress trimmed with pink and white, charming with her fair colouring

## CANTERBURY BALL IN CRICKET WEEK

ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS of Canterbury Cricket Week is the Ball, held at Howe Barracks, the Regimental Headquarters of The Buffs. This year this popular event was attended by five hundred and twenty guests, the largest number ever. "The Old Stagers," whose history goes back to 1841, had ended their 106th season of theatrical presentations in the city, and the ballroom was bright with their sashes, those of the I. Zingari cricket players, and those of the "Band of Brothers," another very well-known cricketing fraternity



Mr. Richard Cookson and Mrs. Cookson, a member of the Ball Committee and responsible for the attractive decorations depicting "The Pilgrim's Way"



Mrs. Martin ffrench-Blake dancing with Col. John Ormiston



Cpl. Knight, Mr. P. J. C. Smallwood and Miss Ann Young



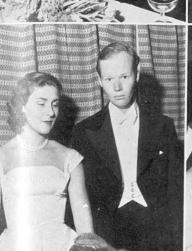
Miss Penny Stewart, Mr. Gerald Lynch and Cpl. J. Wells

Mrs. Joan de Grey and the Hon. Denys Buckley

Mr. Denis Ledward and Mrs. G. Crookenden



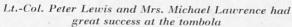




The Earl and Countess of Guilford



Mrs. Hawksfield and Mr. Kenneth Hawksfield







Mr. Humphrey Tilling, Mrs. Wontner and Mr. Hugh Wontner at the Old Stagers' table



Major R. W. Smith, Gordon Highlanders, Mrs. Walter Wallace and Brig. F. W. B. Barry

Miss Susan Willey with Capt. Ian Minto, Adjutant of the Regimental Depot







Norman Brown

The Hon. Nicholas Eno Hopkinson is seen with his bride, formerly Miss Fiona Margaret Munro, and her bridesmaids, Miss Marika Hopkinson, Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, Miss Tessa Hopkinson, Miss Susan Gundry and Miss Marian Macintosh

Social Journal

Jennifer

### LORD COLYTON'S SON WEDS



MRS. DAVID COLERIDGE is seen with her infant son Nicholas David, with Mr. David Coleridge, Mr. Bayley Laurie and Mr. James Senior, Godfathers, and The Hon. Prudence McCorquodale and Miss Deirdre Senior, who were Godmothers

Hopkinson, only son of Lord Colyton and the late Mrs. Henry Hopkinson, and Miss Fiona Munro, only daughter of Sir Torquil and Lady Munro of Lindertis. This took place in the little church of St. Mary, Kirriemuir, which was beautifully decorated with white flowers. The Very Rev. Alan Don, the Dean of Westminster, officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. W. Symon and Canon H. Rorison, vicar of Kirriemuir, who had also christened the bride. The music and singing during the service was truly beautiful by the organist and choir of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, and included that lovely anthem "True Love's the Gift which God has Given," by Charles Wood. The bride, who was given away by her father who wore the kilt, looked most attractive in an exquisite crinoline dress of white slipper satin with a long full train falling from the shoulders, which had been designed and made by Worth, who also designed the bridesmaids' dresses. The bride's long tulle veil was held in place by a diamond tiara and she wore a single row diamond necklace. The bridesmaids, Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, Miss Tessa Hopkinson and Miss Marika Hopkinson, Miss Susan Gundry and Miss Marian Macintosh, wore dresses of ivory lace over apricot organza with rolled organza head-bands. Mr. Martin Cowling was best man. The bride and bridegroom were piped away from the church by Pipe Sergeant Maynard and Piper Watson.

Sir Torquil and Lady Munro, the latter looking very chic in a dress of bottle-green silk jersey and a large hat of mushroom shaded organza, held a reception at Kinnordy, Kirriemuir, which Lord Lyell and his mother, Lady Lyell, very kindly lent for the occasion. This magnificent home, in which Mrs. Reid of Aberfeldy had done many superb flower arrangements in the reception rooms, made an exceptionally lovely setting. Lord Colyton received the guests, who numbered about four hundred, with the bride's parents and the bride and bridegroom in the attractive green-papered Chinese room. The wedding cake was arranged on a dais near the window in the centre of the magnificent ballroom. I saw Lady Lyell looking most attractive in a coat of yellow silk grosgrain and a small cap of large yellow organza roses. Eighteen-year-old Lord Lyell I noticed calmly going round with great charm to see that all was running smoothly. Among relatives of the young couple I met the bridegroom's uncle Col. John Hopkinson and his wife. Their son Anthony was there and their daughter Marika who was a bridesmaid. Another uncle, Mr. Francis Hopkinson, was also present with Mrs. Hopkinson, and their son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. David Watney, their younger daughter Tessa who was also a bridesmaid, and Mr. Talbot Hainault. Also the bride's brother Mr. Jamie Munro who was an usher, her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter who had come over from Garrows, the latter looking very nice in dark blue chiffon and a little flower hat, and her aunt Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch, very attractive in a grey and yellow silk suit and little yellow hat, with Mr. Kemp-Welch and their son John—they had a daughter as bridesmaid. The bride's other aunts Mrs. Walker-Munro with her twin sons Mr. Lionel and Mr. Hugh Walker-Munro, and Miss Carmen Munro were there, also her great aunts Mrs. Ian Drummond, Mrs. Savile and Mrs. Solly, and her cousin Mr. Jamie Stormonth-Darling and his wife.

After the bride and bridegroom had cut their wedding cake, the Earl of Airlie, who, as he said, had known the bride all her life, proposed the health of the young couple with a very brief speech to which the bridegroom replied, also very briefly. Among friends who had come to wish them every happiness were the Countess of Airlie in blue wild silk, the Earl of Southesk, his son and daughter-in-law, Lord and Lady Carnegie, the Earl and Countess of Northesk, he is one of the bride's godfathers, another present was Col. Jack Hirsch. Also Lord and Lady Douglas Gordon, her mother Lady Elles very neat in light blue, who was staying with them, Miss Anne Holland, joint-Master of the Old Surrey and Burstow Hounds, Lord Kinnaird, the Lord-Lieutenant of Perthshire and Lady Kinnaird, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Guise, Mr. James and Lady Flavia Anderson, Lord Elphinstone, the Earl of Strathmore, his aunt Countess Granville, Sir James Duncan, the Member for South Angus, and Lady Duncan, the Hon. Bruce and Mrs. Ogilvy, Sir James Cayzer and his mother Lady Cayzer, Col. and Mrs. Ivan Guthrie, Mrs. George Scott from Aberfeldy, Mr. and Mrs. John Ogilvy, who had the Dean of Westminster to stay for the wedding, Lord and Lady Forteviot and their daughter the Hon. Penelope Dewar, Major James Drummond-Hay, Mr. Cox of Glen Quaich, that great horticulturist Major George Finlay, the Hon. Mrs. Robin Arbuthnott, Jessica Lady Forres, Col. and Mrs. Carnegy of Lour, Mrs. Edward des Graz and her daughter Bridget, Major and Mrs. Douglas-Murray, Lady Dorothy Hope-Morley, Major and Mrs. Broadhurst and their daughter Mariegold who is getting married next month, Lord and Lady Dalhousie, Major and Mrs. Clark-Rattray, the latter looking charming wearing a shocking pink hat with a dark dress, Sir George and Lady Nairn, Lady Montgomery Cuninghame, Miss Morag Wyley who is engaged to the best man Mr. Martin Cowling, Sir Thomas and Lady Wedderspoon and their daughter Joy, the Hon. Mrs. Lindsay Carnegie, Mrs. R. O. Ramsey looking charming, the Hon. Mrs. Michael Bowes-Lyon in her wheel chair, her son Capt. Fergus Bowes-Lyon, Lady Gomme-Duncan and her son Mr. Alan Gomme-Duncan, Miss Delia Pearson, Miss Gillian Morrison and the Hon. Duthac and Mrs. Carnegie who later that day gave a cocktail party at Balloch.

Some of the tenants and estate workers who had known the bride and bridegroom since childhood were present from Lindertis, Netherton Hall (the bridegroom's home in Devon), and Garrows, the bride's grandparents' Scottish home. These included Mr. Charles Peachey, for many years butler in the bridegroom's family, and Mrs. eachey, who was the bridegroom's Nanny, Mrs. McMinn who was with the Munro family for many years and helped dress the bride, Mr. John Rugg and his sons (he is farm manager at Lindertis and runs Sir Torquil's famous Aberdeen Angus herd which has carried off everal championships in the past few years). Also Mr. John Phillips, he keeper at Lindertis for many years, who took the bride out shooting abbits when she was a very small girl, his son Willy who has followed is father as keeper here, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hutchison, he is ceeper at Garrows and taught the bride, her brother and several young nembers of the family to stalk, and still takes them out on the hill when they are at Garrows. Guests gathered in the baronial hall and out on the drive, with the two pipers playing on the lawn, as the bride and bridegroom came downstairs to leave for their honeymoon, which hey are spending in Canada and America, where among relatives they are visiting is Mrs. Uvedale Lambert in Colorado. They plan to sail rom New York to return in time for the Perth Balls at the end of

T the time, I did not have the space to include the delightful coming-A out dance which Mrs. Frank Shuttleworth gave at the end of the season in her charming Avenue Road house for her granddaughter Princess Charlotte Cröy (on our cover this week), a very attractive and unspoilt girl who looked enchanting in a dress of ice blue satin. Charlotte stood receiving the guests with Mrs. Shuttleworth who in prewar years was a great hostess, both in London and at the family home in Bedfordshire, and her mother Princess Alexander Cröy. Here a marquee with flower-covered pillars had been built on to the house, and a barbecue erected in the garden, where guests sat out under the apple and almond trees, on a very warm evening.

Supper was served in another marquee in the front of the house, and Charlotte, with the help of Countess Ludmilla Arco and Miss Philippa du Boulay, had made the most attractive night club out of her grandmother's panelled dining-room. Lighting was provided through the window from lights in the trees, pale pink muslin was draped across the ceiling, and a single fresh pink rose was fastened to each small panel all over the four walls. This original and very effective décor met with approval not only from Charlotte's grandmother, but also from Philippa's grandmother, Lady Elles, a lifelong friend of Mrs. Shuttleworth, who runs a most successful interior decorating business in Lisbon. Charlotte's younger sister Emma was allowed up from her convent for the night to enjoy the dance.

Other young guests included the Hon. Hazel Scott-Ellis, looking most

[Continued overleaf



### CRICKET IN THE NORTH

A CRICKET MATCH between the King's Own Scottish Borderers and the Eton Ramblers took place at Pier Field, Berwick-on-Tweed. Above: Lady Straker Smith, Mr. J. A. Wolfe-Murray, Mrs. Wolfe-Murray, Col. Wolfe-Murray



Miss Patsy Johnston



Lady Jardine of Applegirth and Major Balie of Manderston

Mrs. J. Scott Elliot, Lady Reay and Maj.-Gen. J. Scott Elliot







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On the Twelfth sportsmen celebrated the opening of the grouse shooting season. Left: Sir John Clerk and his son Robert on a Scottish moor. Above: Mr. Ian Watson, Col. H. H. Aykroyd and Mrs. Aykroyd on Ramsgill Moor, Yorks

attractive in green with her fiancé Mr. Joseph Czernin, Miss Tessa Milne, Miss Daphne Fairbanks, Miss Merle Ropner, Mr. David Bailey, Miss Sarah Bowater, Miss Cecilia Weikersheim, Lord Farnham dancing with Miss Anne Tichborne, Mr. Robin Douglas-Home, Mr. Peregrine Bertie, Mr. Peter du Boulay, and Miss Felicity Rumbold whose mother Lady Rumbold was also at the dance.

Another good party before everyone dispersed for the holidays was given by Mrs. John Hall, wife of the Member of Parliament for the Wycombe Division, who gave a rather original and most enjoyable small dinner-dance for her daughter Miss Felicity Ann Hall, at the Compleat Angler on the Thames-side at Marlow. The gardens leading down to the river were floodlit and two boats, with musicians aboard, took débutantes and their escorts for river trips, which proved a very popular diversion to dancing. A strolling gipsy accordionist also moved amongst the guests on the lawn. Many of the young men wore white dinner jackets and the young girls present wore short evening dresses, as did their young hostess Felicity Ann, who was in orchid pink brocade with a stole of a deeper shade. Among a large contingent of Buckingham débutantes were Miss Catherine Althaus, Miss Gillian Clark who is having her coming-out dance in the autumn, Miss Julia Runge, Miss Diana Stoneham, Miss Joanna Sykes and Miss Priscilla Thwaites. Other young people included Miss Loretta Robinson, Mr. Chris Prebensen, younger son of the Norwegian Ambassador who has now gone with his parents to Norway, Miss Alison Geddes, Mr. Christopher Bathurst, Miss Victoria Trubshaw, the Hon. Richard Morris, Miss Margaret Pitman and Mr. Michael Healing.

\* \* \*

FTER the Hopkinson-Munro wedding, I went on to Gleneagles A Hotel for a couple of nights (where incidentally I found the bride and bridegroom were also spending a few days before sailing in the Carinthia). This, with the exception of London hotels, is still in my opinion the most comfortable hotel in Great Britain, extremely wellrun with super service. The result is that visitors, many from across the Atlantic, come back year after year for a holiday here. Among these I met Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Davis from South Carolina who have been coming over for many years, and during their visit looking at and buying cattle from some of the famous Scottish herds. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bulgin were over again from Winnipeg and playing golf each day on the two wonderful courses adjoining the hotel. Last year they went to Villa d'Este, but decided this year again that there was no place like Gleneagles! Other visitors from overseas enjoying their stay there this month include Mr. and Mrs. Jasper E. Crane from Wilmington, U.S.A.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Pew of Ardmore, Pennsylvania, Mr. and Mrs. James Bruce of Washington, who were talking of taking a moor in Scotland next summer. His brother Mr. David Bruce, who was American Ambassador in Paris, is now Ambassador in Bonn and is out there with his very attractive wife. Dr. Jansen, the Governor-General of the Union of South Africa, and Mrs. Jansen spent a night here when they were doing a whirlwind tour of Scotland early in the month, and Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Wendel Willkie were expected from America for a brief stay at the end of this month, when they are also touring Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Soutar

from Hamilton, Ontario, were over for a golfing holiday, and to see the beauties of Scotland. Among English visitors were Viscountess Camrose making her first visit to Gleneagles since the death of her husband; they always used to come in a big family party. She had several members of the family staying with her here throughout her visit, some would arrive as others were leaving. Among them her sonsin-law and daughters, the Earl and Countess of Birkenhead, Major and the Hon. Mrs. McNair Scott (who were expected this week), and Lady Sherwood, her son the Hon. Rodney Berry and his wife, and her grandchildren, Lady Juliet Smith, the Hon. Christopher Chetwode, Mr. Michael and Mr. Nicholas Berry. Lord and Lady Cornwallis came up at the middle of the month for two or three weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey and his mother Mrs. Bailey and brother-in-law Mr. Alan Robertson spent a couple of happy weeks here and were joined by several friends including Mr. Amory Houghton, the U.S. Ambassador in France, and Mrs. Houghton. Lord and Lady Dovercourt were there early in the month, as were Mr. Leslie and the Hon. Mrs. Gamage, who had their usual charming corner sitting-room and suite for two or three weeks. Mr. Gamage, a very keen golfer, like many others I have mentioned, was out on the links every day. Other great enthusiasts who played every day of their visit were Mrs. Jean Garland, Mrs. Gaskell, Major Eric Stocks, Lord Ashcombe, Mr. John Redmayne, Mr. Benjy Yeats Brown, Major Tommy Bouch, and Mr. Dick Wilkins, who spent a week here before he went on to shoot over Leadhills, which he has taken from the Marquess of Linlithgow.

For the first time I enjoyed grouse for dinner on the twelfth, a young bird, cooked straight away and very tender. Mr. Aldridge, the capable manager of Gleneagles Hotel, had a few dozen brace delivered that day straight from the moors, some by midday in time for luncheon, and another lot by 5 p.m. in time for dinner, as if the birds do not have time to hang they must be cooked right away to be tender. The grouse season opened on a rather grey day, but on the whole birds were more plentiful than last year. The Queen (as a spectator only) and the Duke of Edinburgh have been out with friends on the moors around Balmoral and on the two moors they have leased from their neighbour Capt. Alwyne Farquharson, the Laird of Invercauld, who was out with a party of friends on another of his moors on the twelfth. Sir Ian Walker has had friends shooting with him near Glenmuick and Brig. Trappes-Lomax at Dinnet. In Perthshire the Earl of Mansfield opened his shooting season on Ballaheilly, and Mr. Tom Burrel had a big party the same day shooting grouse on Lochan where they got eighty brace. His guns included Sir Nigel Mordaunt who has shot here with his host on the twelfth for many years, Major Frank Douglas, Sir James Hutchinson and Cdr. Grenfell. Away up the glen at Garrows where birds were so plentiful last year, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter and their party were walking over one of their moors, Cdr. Russell and a party were shooting on Moness, Mr. Hutchison and a friend walked over Bolfracks and shot twenty-four and a half brace, Sir John Heathcoat-Amory had four guns shooting with him on Glenvernate where they got over forty brace on the opening day, Sir Denys Lowson had a party out early on Bandirran, and Major David Butter and a party of five guns were out on Cluniemore. To the north Viscount Bearsted and his brothers, the Hon. Anthony Samuel and the Hon.

Peter Samuel, and several friends had a good day on Phones, the Duke of Sutherland was out on the moors at Dunrobin where birds were plentiful, and much farther south the Marquess of Tweeddale had friends shooting with him at Yester, but conditions there were not too good. In Yorkshire, the Home Secretary Mr. "Rab" Butler and Mr. Lewis Douglas, the former U.S. Ambassador, were out shooting on the twelfth with the Earl of Swinton over his Colsterdale moors, where they were joined a few days later by the Prime Minister Mr. Harold Macmillan who is a keen shot, and shot with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire over the Bolton Abbey moors the same week.

THERE is a charity ball which is taking place at the Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead, this autumn, on Friday, October 4, in aid of the Berkshire branch of that wonderful organization the St. John Ambulance Brigade, which so many people do not realize is entirely a voluntary organization. When you see St. John workers not only in this country but all over the world attending to accidents, sick and fainting people in big crowds, often in great heat or shivering in the cold waiting to help those in need at winter race meetings, football matches and other events, do remember they are not paid but are giving their services free, as they did their time for training to be fully qualified. Funds are needed for their training, equipment, ambulances, etc. The dance promises to be a gay affair with a good band, a tombola, and a fortune-teller; besides the buffet supper, there will be a bacon and egg breakfast. Tickets for the ball may be obtained from the chairman, Lady Joubert de la Ferte, at St. John House, 101 London Road, Reading. From those who cannot go to the ball, Lady Joubert would be most grateful to receive donations, also at this address. Do please all help.

WHEN one returns from summer holidays, it is time to begin thinking about Christmas shopping. I find each year that much of mine gets done most successfully at Christmas sales and bazaars which are now run on a very high standard. I have just had advance news of what sounds like being really a super sale of this kind. It is the Scottish Gathering and Sale to be held in the Drill Hall of the London Scottish, at 59 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1, on Friday and Saturday, November 22 and 23. It is being run in aid of the Royal Caledonian Schools at Bushey, Herts. Lady Dorothy Macmillan is very kindly opening the sale on the first day, and Lady Fairfax of Cameron on the second day. The Drill Hall is a very large place and will allow plenty of room for the stalls, which are to be arranged like a street market with a huge floodlit Christmas tree at the end of the aisle. To give the sale an air of gaiety a barrel organ will be playing, when Scottish Pipers are not piping, and there will be some amusing sideshows. The stalls, from which you will be able to buy really good and practical gifts, include the Highland Stall with Lady Reid presiding. Here there will be lengths of tweed, tartans, rugs, jerseys and other woollen clothes. Lady Forres and Mrs. A. Gibson are in charge of the Fortunate Finds stall, Lady Forbes of the China and Glass stall, Mrs. G. L. Webster, the Men's boutique which includes men's clothing and equipment for all kinds of nasculine hobbies and recreations, Mrs. J. A. Mackintosh, "Country Fare" where you will find poultry, game, fresh fruit, eggs, vegetables, and the Hon. Mrs. S. D. Macdonald and Mrs. A. J. Reid who have the Book and Stationery Stall. The Queen Mother kindly sends a gift for which there is a silent auction, and at former sales for the Caledonian Schools it has raised about fifty pounds. For entering in your diary: the sale opens at 3 p.m. on the first day and at 11.15 a.m. on the second, and remains open both days until 7.30 p.m.



Mr. S. Brice, Miss P. Tolhurst, Miss J. Tolhurst, Mr. N. Wilder



Mr. Aitken, the Hon. G. Hinge, Miss Miskin, Mr. Sameson



#### ABOARD THE ARETHUSA

AT UPNOR on the Medway the T.S. Arethusa was the scene of the Medway Yacht Club's Ball. Above, Mr. D. S. Clarabut, Mrs. Clarabut, Miss Susan Rowe, Capt. W. Haynes, R.N., Mrs. Batchelor and Mr. P. A. J. Batchelor



Mr. F. J. Iles and Mrs. Iles



Miss Sally Watney and Mr. John Bonallack



Van Hallan

Mr. Alan Kent, Miss Sally Betts, Miss Sonia Clifton and Mr. Michael Nye

Miss Serena Clark-Hall, Mrs. George Trotter, Mrs. J. R. F. McKenzie and Miss Rosemary Platt



Mr. Richard Allen, Miss Daphne Bowlby and Mr. Dickie Voelcker were among the guests

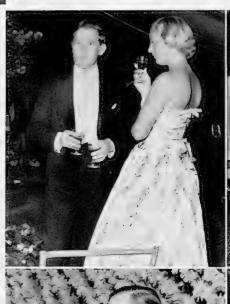
## TWO DANCES OPEN TH

TWO SCOTTISH DEBUTANTES, Miss Rosemary Platt and Miss Serena Clark-Hall, had a very successful dance given for them by their mothers, Mrs. J. R. F. McKenzie and Mrs. George Trotter, at Muirhouselaw, St. Boswells, the home of Mrs. McKenzie. Below: Miss Diana Chichester, Mr. Henry Alfert, Mr. John Nicholson, Miss J. Sanders, Miss D. Shennon and Mr. C. Roydon

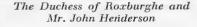


Mr. Peter McCracken with Miss Patricia Baker

Miss Julia Williamson and Mr. Sandy Struthers











Miss Tania Eustace Smith and Mr. Jaime Aladren

## GAY SEASON IN SCOTLAND

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S HUNT held a summer dance which also took place at Mrs. J. R. F. McKenzie's house, Muirhouselaw, which was floodlit for the occasion. Dancing took place inside, in a specially erected marquee, and even on the lawns. These two events, held early in the Scottish season, were covered for The TATLER by Van Hallan, who took the photographs



Capt. J. C. Gibson, Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Hugh Cairns at the Hunt Ball



Miss Ann Scott-Kerr and her brother, Mr. Robert Scott-Kerr



Guests dancing on the lawn in front of the floodlit house on this warm evening

Brig. Norman McCorquodale, Mrs. McKenzie and Mr. Hugh Neilson

Mr. William Murray, Mrs. Murray and Mrs. D. Dingwallmain



Mr. Geoffrey Meikle talking to Miss Shelagh Bell





Miss Jessica Wilson sitting with Mr. Robert Faulkner

YOUNGMAN CARTER, who recently visited Charlie Chaplin to make the portrait drawing on the opposite page, describes the human being behind the figure which has been a symbol for laughter for over four decades

## Chaplin towards seventy



PORTY-THREE years ago Charlie Chaplin received this century's absolute accolade of fame—he became the central figure of a strip cartoon in a British comic paper. Today he is still the best-known figure in the world. For example, he did not, in his early days, wear a Hitler moustache—Hitler, on the contrary, wore a "Charlie Chaplin." This is a matter of history.

It is not surprising that these long years of popularity, adulation, sycophantic praise and recent moronic abuse should leave their mark on a man, but on Chaplin the imprint is extraordinarily light—he is triumphantly what he was at the beginning, an entity in his own right,

today's unique one-man band.

I spent a day with him at his rented villa on Cap Ferrat, listening to him and trying in the intervals to persuade him to keep still whilst I made a drawing of him. He is a small barrel-chested man with white hair and tiny hands. After a long spell of work he relaxes and runs to fat, particularly in the face, a detail which makes him shy of public appearances. His voice is agreeable and unremarkable, a middle English voice which he watches acutely. ("I use a lot of American phrases and idioms, but I like to keep my own accent with a Cockney touch.")

He must have been a curiously prodigious child, for when he was moved from Walworth to Manchester, at the age of eight, one of his great concerns was that he remained in voice a Londoner.

his great concerns was that he remained in voice a Londoner.

Chaplin acts every part in his story. "My grandmother," he says, "was a gipsy. She had the sweetest voice for selling lavender in the whole of the Walworth road." Immediately his tones mellow and one can almost hear a girl singing the lavender ballad. "My uncles were publicans in the district—very respectable, very important." Now I cannot tell how, but as he spoke he threw out a vision of gaslight, ponderous black moustaches and infinite shirt-sleeved propriety.

I asked him if, among his bottom drawer of film ideas which he had never used, there were any he regretted. "There was one in particular," he said. "A custard pie." Then he got up in the middle of lunch and conjured the whole glorious slapstick into such reality that my eyes flickered and I could hear the thin vibrations of the piano and see again the piled golden curls of the lady who banged it so inexpertly just beyond the fourpennies.

We lunched on the balcony of a restaurant in Villefranche. Below a crowd collected, as for royalty. "Charlot!" They shouted. "Charlot, wave to us!" Charlot responded royally, for the years of acclamation

have given a training which few princes could match.

It is a cliché, but inescapable, to say that Chaplin is a funny man. He happens also to be a wit, but this I think is a private matter. His anecdotes, which he pours out with relish, are irresistibly funny, the whole man is comic and his face is india-rubber. He pushes his nose up, shoots his teeth forward and produces a Sunday schoolmistress dead these fifty years. "Now boys! Your best behaviour if you please, or no jam for your tea." A moment later he is all the world's most oleaginous revivalists rolled into one. "And, my friends, when you go home from this great meeting, I want you to tell your neighbours about sin. Yes, sin. That simple word, those three beautiful letters S I N, my friends. . . ."

It is possibly that it is this impish spirit which has got him into trouble with the humourless. No one with a sense of humour could be a communist. Chaplin finds all politicians funny, and good material for lampooning. "I am not a politico," he says and expounds a personal philosophy which would be acceptable to few but our older Tories. "I think in the present state of wealth Civilization owes a man a bed and possibly a roof over his head. But not an all-in insurance policy."

Chaplin is sixty-eight. A happy man with a devoted, intelligent wife and a glorious young family. He is a Master, the last man in the world who can make a film exactly as he himself has decided. He is also, of course, a millionaire. But his thoughts are forward. Three new films are already in mind. "And don't forget, my boy, that the time may come when you will feel, 'Oh, to be eighty again!' "





Kenneth H. Bandy

THE DONKEY RACING CLUB, whose activities over the past three years have raised large sums for charities, holds popular meetings on farms in Sussex, with the object of improving the status of the donkey in this country, and of benefiting the welfare of the handicapped and needy. Miss Averil Lewis, a Windmill girl, is seen above winning a race from her colleague, Miss Cynthia Pearl, from Northolt

## Roundabout

Peter Dickinson

### STILL BACKWATERS RUN DEEP

From Dr. Johnson downwards, all townsmen have felt betrayed by the countryside when they eventually reached it, but I've never had the sensation more strongly than this August. It's not that I suffer from the old urbanite malady of not being able to *sleep* in the country,

Somewhere a tied dog's bark
Like toothache jabbing the dark
A good half-mile away,
While here inside my room
Bats bump and beetles boom.
Alack and well-a-day
A-a-lack a-and we-he-ell-a-ha-daaaay,

as an old song might have run if anyone had thought of writing it. (D. H. Lawrence did in fact write a poem about having a bat in his room and swiping at it between lines but for some reason it turned out different.)

My trouble is the way things happen in the country. Saki knew all about this; in his London nothing more terrible happened than an epigram, but once he turned his attention to remote villages and remoter house-parties there were plague, pestilence and famine, witchcraft, child-eating hyenas and talking cats. The Prime Minister evidently has the same feeling; if ever he wants to face a few of his colleagues with a really nasty decision he takes them down to Chequers for the weekend.

The particular betrayal to which I would like to draw attention is this: Hampshire had promised me a league-long valley, sentinelled with elms; over the hill the holiday traffic pours lemming-like westwards, but in the valley it is heard only as a faint hum, as though to remind us that somewhere life goes on; but here, it was said, nothing happens; the torrent of events falls here into a pool, and time moves no faster than the slow footsteps of the seasons; here is peace. Perfidious Hampshire!

Melodramatic French alexandrines alone would do justice to thy perfidy! I shall have to be content with a catalogue.

- (1) Gymkhanas. A loud loudspeaker broadcasts through the hot afternoons that "Number 32 is now entering the ring.... Number 32 is eliminated." Did I come here to be reminded of the disastrous end that awaits all mundane aspirations, especially when they are in any way connected with horses?
- (2) Politics. The local town (which the British Travel and Holidays Association would be hard put to it not to describe as "mellow"; it does in fact consist of old brick, wide streets and helpful shopkeepers) is hugely lettered with Fascist slogans. Rage and laughter seem equally inappropriate.
- (3) The so-called Course of Nature. Sun and storm have so beset us that within a fortnight we have had to rescue goldfish from drought and ducks from drowning. What price now that estate agent's spiel about the slow footsteps of the seasons?
- (4) Humanity. Hampshire has plenty of this, if one allows its broadest sense to the word. The individuals differ in colour, class, creed, character and anything else one can think of, except knowing my host and hostess. Social life becomes like guerrilla warfare: the heavy crump of a formal dinner may be rarely heard, but there is always the rattle of tea-parties or the deadlier sniping of morning coffee-takers.
- (5) Big Business. The quantity of money involved may be, by City standards, small; but the fact that no one in the valley seems ever to have seen any of the cars we are all so busy buying and selling distinguishes our transactions from ordinary business. We are on the same footing as a zinc-broker I know; he keeps a lump of zinc in his desk in the City and claims that this gives



#### SPARTANS

We British when on picnics bent
Defy each blustering element—
Nor wind nor wave nor tempest's roar
Can prise us from some rock-strewn shore
Where only dastards e'er would own
The cold that claws into the bone,
And summer's spartan spirit we
Sustain with scones and Thermos tea.

-Jean Stanger

him the edge on his competitors; at any moment he can open a drawer and convince himself that the metal which is making his pile is real stuff somewhere, not just a row of noughts on foolscap.

(6) Love life. . . . But if I continue this list of indictments any longer this column will begin to look like a transcript from the Capetown Treason Trials, and I shall also appear to believe that nothing at all has happened outside the county borders. This is not really the case. In France, for instance, countless travellers have discovered that they will after all be able to pay their way home, though this cannot have been the main reason for the devaluation of the franc. In Switzerland it has been noticed that the Matterhorn is 108 feet shorter than had hitherto been thought. Momentary gratification must have been aroused in some by Miss Rose Heilbron's running true to form and being the first woman Q.C. to appear in a Nigerian court. It would be idle, too, to maintain that the mass wedding of 4,007 couples in Mexico City went entirely unnoticed in Mexico City. Grouse have been shot in sufficient quantities to feel even more harassed than I have in Hampshire; from their point of view the reports that it is a "very good year for grouse" must be the purest known example of insult added to injury.

But by and large only two events beyond these enclosing hills have stirred me deeply. As far as I can see they are unconnected with each other. The first is the departure of the Oxford and Cambridge Expedition to South America. These young men are going exploring in the Mato Grosso, so it's all right for them. For us, though, the occasion is a sad one; exploration as seen from the drawing-room is not what it was; they have a fair tract of unknown country to explore, and there are similar patches elsewhere in the world; with luck they will find some

interesting things, a new sort of tropical ragwort, perhaps, and a hitherto unrecorded species of bream. But no undiscovered civilizations. Not one.

Where now are the explorers of the books of our youth who, after crawling through waterless deserts and enduring the icy terrors of the Forbidden Mountains, came down into irrigated country where marble buildings gleamed among the apple orchards and there was a civil war going on and a beautiful queen in danger? A white queen. Ah, you have to go to science fiction for that sort of thing nowadays. There, as the rocket thunders down in a rose of flame, our explorers would have felt at home. The palaces might well be onyx and the orchards gravid with extraordinary fruit; the war might be fought with weapons that were, even by atomic standards, unconventional; but the queen would be there, beautiful, imperious, imperilled, and white. These explorers won't find anything like that.

The other thing that has stirred me is a report that a marine biologist has heard whales—hitherto thought silent—clicking and groaning, apparently to each other, though no one can understand how they can hear the noises with six inches of wax in their ears. One of the few things, besides disliking bats, that I have in common with D. H. Lawrence is liking whales. They have highly convoluted brains which are perfectly capable of framing a considered judgment on world affairs, but no actual comment has been recorded. This may be it. A series of clicks and groans, as heard in the reading rooms of clubs, seems adequate both as comment and as proof that your whale is nobody's fool.

I said that the two events had nothing in common, but I suppose it is possible that the Queen of the Upper Amazon will turn out to be a white whale.







BRIGGS

by Graham



Decca's FM/AM Auto-Radiogramophone, shown with glide-away doors half open, has a 4-waveband radio, 4-speed Garrard auto-changer, h.f. accoustic chamber



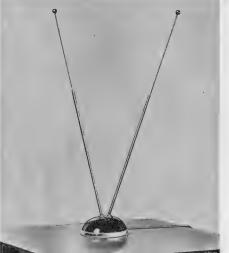
On the Sobell International Stand is this combined 21-in. television, tape recorder and 4-speed automatic record player; the walnut cabinet is designed and built by Sarti of Bologna

## STREAMLINED IDEAS AT THE RADIO SHOW



Left: A complete new Deccalian, on slender legs which are detachable for ease of movement; the 4-speed Garrard auto-changer can be operated manually. Price 39 gns. with legs, 37 gns. without

Right: The Golden
V, an all-channel
"in the room"
aerial, in black and
gold, with two
gold-plated extendible elements, nonslip rubber base for
standing on set or
shelf, and slot for
hanging on a wall
or a picture rail



THE 1957 Radio Show opens with a flourish at Earls Court today, and one of the most noticeable features of the exhibition is the trend in design. This follows the prevalent tendency to offer what is known as "contemporary."

Cabinet designers have become leg conscious, and put legs on television sets, radiograms, table sets, and even on record players.

They have also gone all out to keep their designs for cabinets as light as possible so that they will not overpower the average living-room. The leggy fashion is a great help in this direction, as is the bentwood cabinet made by wrapping ply round the edge of the tube in the 21-inch tube models featured on practically every stand. A third space-saver is the wide-angle 90-degree scanned tube, which means that cabinets are three to four inches shallower, back to front with a much smaller protrusion at the rear.

This year the TV second set becomes a standard product, there is little if any doubt that the new 14-inch portable sets will be a boon in many homes, not only because they are easily carried, but also because of their comparatively low cost. And of course by indulging in the TV second set the family will be able to view both B.B.C. and I.TV transmissions concurrently.

The new TV-VHF combined models become practically a two-set product for the price of one.

On several TV sets reception of the B.B.C. Home, Light and Third programmes is being provided at an additional cost of five guineas, or in some instances less than that. I gather that the trade has been of two minds about this type of combined set, but quite obviously it was bound to appear on the market, and I believe that from now on it must be accepted as yet another standard model. The TV radiogram is surprisingly compact and inexpensive.

A step towards automation is worth noting in the form of printed circuits. Quite a large proportion of both TV and radio sets have printed

wiring in whole or part.

The all-transistor portable radio, and transistorized gramophone amplifier, is yet another innovation that may be a bit of a slow starter, though an obvious and ultimate stayer. On show is the smallest transistor radio in the world, as well as the full performance six-transistor model which can be run at the cost of a farthing a day, or possibly less than that.

In practically every industry the recent trend has been for prices to increase; the radio industry has not only stepped up its standards of efficiency but also offers more value this year at the same price as last year. An example of this is the FM/VHF and AM set at a price paid only two or three years ago for an AM receiver.

The portable record player has been a staggering success and practically every manufacturer now competes with models of excellent value, range in styles and performance. Some of these players cost less than

The development of the art of sound reproduction is still advancing, amplifiers without output transformers and electrostatic loudspeakers are novel innovations, so too are auto-changers having manual position so that valuable records may have individual attention, and the hitherto rather exclusive variable reluctance pickup is more widely in evidence.

-Robert Tredinnick

#### A SUMMER'S PASTIME

THE delight of children at the seaside is a perennially repeated pleasure and each year Bembridge, Isle of Wight, becomes crowded, once the summer holidays have begun, with children and parents sporting among the waves



Miranda and Patrick Bellville, children of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Bellville



Tom Lambert with his sister Susan, children of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lambert



Tim and Joss Hanbury, the sons of Lt.-Col. and Mrs.

J. R. Hanbury



Richard Price, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Price



Claire MacKenzie with Mark



Julian and Rupert, Col. and Mrs. J. H. Allason's children





New York Letter

## CULTURE TAKES A BREATHER IN THE TORRID CITY

Robin Miller

With the eastern seaboard of the U.S. simmering in temperatures that nudge the one hundred degree mark, New York resembles a Latin American capital during the week, and a ghost town on weekends. Secretaries report for work in sundresses, and more than one daring advertising executive has been spotted striding defiantly—if a little sheepishly—down Madison Avenue in Bermuda shorts.

On Friday night the city empties. Air-conditioned buses, trains and planes carry the exhausted crowds north to the shore or the mountains; a million cars surge out of town along the Merritt Parkway or the recently completed eight-lane Jersey Turnpike; for rich commuters, sea-plane taxis bob at their East River skyport moorings, ready to whisk anyone who has \$25.00 for the single fare out to his home on Long Island's exclusive North Shore.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that Culture has also fled north to beat the heat, or that the farther north one goes the better are the cultural attractions offered.

The fifth summer of the Shakespeare Festival Theatre of Canada, at Stratford, Ontario, has stamped the permanent seal of success upon this spirited enterprise. Removed from the tent where they have entranced audiences for four years to a permanent building, with a multi-level apron stage designed by Tanya Moisewitch, the Canadian Shakespearians also offer one of the brightest new "classical" stars on this side of the Atlantic.

TWENTY-EIGHT year old Christopher Plummer, "instantly recognizable as a potential Laurence Olivier," to quote one New York critic, tackles his first Hamlet in a courageous and thoroughly off-beat manner, emphasizing the immature, escapist side of Hamlet's nature, in which he often seems little more than a highly-strung mother's boy; swooning in his comrade's arms when the Ghost appears, and delivering "To be or not to be" with a suicidal dagger poised in mid-air. In his death scene Plummer's Hamlet negates this usually climactic moment, for when the dying prince hears the martial music of Fortinbras's approaching army he reverts to a moment of childish delight by taking a couple of futile marching steps. Even conservative Hamlet afficionados agree that Plummer's interpretation is stimulating, and his acting impeccable.

Farther south the discreet and still-aristocratic quiet of Newport,

Rhode Island—best described as a combination of Millionaire's Row and Brighton in its heyday—was once more shattered by the invasion of 45,000 vociferous fans attending the fourth annual American jazz festival. These "cats" who were "gassed" by such great jazz performers as Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holliday, Louis Armstrong (the somewhat temperamental guest of honour), Dizzie Gillespie, and the finest exponent of the new "cool" jazz, Gerry Mulligan, claim with some justification that modern jazz is as much a part of American culture as Aaron Copeland or Eugene O'Neill. Certainly the relaxed way in which Mulligan's baritone saxophone weaves a highly intellectualized Bach-like variation around a theme proves that American jazz has come far from the brash, exuberant music of New Orleans-but it "sends the hipsters" in just the same way. Post-concert parties at Newport could be counted by tracking down the jungle screams that rent the night air, and effectively disturbed the residents' sleep. Surprisingly enough there were no casualties. Even more surprisingly the last word on the riotous Festival seems to have come from a Newport dowager of the ancien régime, formidable in organdie, pearls and shady hat, who was overheard remarking to her Edwardian escort: "It all seems infinitely more professional this year."

As an antidote to national—and international—worries, New Yorkers who are unable to escape to Cape Cod or Europe are seeking cool solace from the magnificent summer art shows which are currently drawing record crowds here. At the Metropolitan Museum the cream of private American collections of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist pictures, undoubtedly the finest in the world, provide a golden, nostalgic panorama of France's belle époque, ranging from the vanished grace of the Third Empire as depicted by Corot, Manet and the early Renoir, through Sisley, Monet, Degas, Seurat, and the exotic Gaugin, to the odalisques of Matisse, and the early Braque.

FARTHER down Fifth Avenue, past the limp, dusty trees and shimmering volcanic rocks of Central Park, New Yorkers in search of stronger meat have been flocking to the comprehensive Picasso exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, where gallery-goers have been enjoying the early Blue, Rose, collage and Cubist period paintings, and racking their brains—as Londoners did in 1947—for the right things to say about his more recent sickle-jawed women, and tormented bulls dying in angular agony. However, like them or laugh at them, professionals and laymen alike agree that this exhibition more than ever confirms that Picasso is the true founder of twentieth-century art.

A game that is catching on among these stranded New Yorkers might be well worth noting for use in London. Dubbed the Terrace Game by its fans, it can be played by as many of your friends as happen to be in town on a hot weekend. To play; simply serve a delicious cold supper on your terrace or roof on a sweltering Sunday night, and then lie back at your ease with long drinks and derive infinite, if questionable, satisfaction from the radio reports of the traffic jams on the highways.



F. J. Goodman

Residents from the old world settle down in the new

MRS. GRAEME McLINTOCK was recently photographed in the charming home which she has made for her husband and herself in Carleton Avenue, Westmount, in Montreal. Her husband, who is a nephew of Lord Strathalmond, has just been made Managing Director of British Petroleum, Canada. Mrs. McLintock is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Raymond Hartman, of London

#### At the Theatre

## OVER-POETIC DRAMA A HARD MASTER

Anthony Cookman

"THE TEMPEST" (Stratford Memorial Theatre). This play defies actors and producers alike with cold-hearted indifference to being presented dramatically in all its textual loveliness. Sir John Gielgud (below) has, however, mastered Prospero's difficulties. He is seen with his daughter Miranda (Doreen Aris) and Ferdinand (Richard Johnson). Above, Caliban (Alec Clunes) has an audience in Trinculo (centre, Clive Revill) and Stephano (Patrick Wymark) Drawings by Glan Williams





Towever produced, in my experience, The Tempest has a way of disappointing the higher hope. But the higher hope, for all the cynicism of the cynics, is something that just will not lie down. Up it sprang again at the prospect of seeing at Stratford what miracle might be worked by Mr. Peter Brook, with Sir John Gielgud as his Prospero, to transmute the loveliest of dramatic poems into a stage play of comparable loveliness. The miracle did not happen. Yet hope, though once again forced down, was not altogether cheated.

It was given to go on with a wonderful performance of Prospero. The special difficulties of this part have had over the years a fascination for John Gielgud. He has realized now that what is wrong with it, and indeed what is wrong with the poetic fantasy as a play, is that there can be no real conflict in a dramatic action that moves all the time at the dictation of an omnipotent being. We are bound to be bored by a Prospero who with lofty serenity uses strange magical powers to teach everybody within his reach that true freedom lies in loyal obedience to social and moral laws, diverse but all equally necessary,

COME way has to be found by the actor to humanize this pedantic and often harsh god. Mr. Michael Redgrave suggested at Stratford some years ago that each feat of magic was in doubt until it had triumphed and that the artist paid for his triumphs by an ensuing exhaustion of mind and spirit. This was a good

way. John Gielgud's way is different, but it also is a good way.

He fastens not on the artist but on the moralist in Prospero. The duke in exile has laboriously mastered the secret laws of the universe and is resolved to apply them beneficently, but his own nature, in spite of its stern schooling, has refractory elements left in it that have not yet found complete release. How if when he comes face to face with the enemies who have made him an outcast he should not be able to forgive them? How if at the last moment he should find it intolerable to bow himself again to human conditions and break his magic rod? His omnipotent art has grown very dear to him.

It is the actor's triumph to make these questions insistently real. Clean-shaven, with the grizzled hair of virile middle age, looking in his tattered toga like the symbolic workman at the foundry, he is not merely accomplishing his appointed task of punishment and pardon. He is all the while at odds with the workings of his own "beating mind," and it is the minor conflict that makes him hard to the point of harshness and coldly remote even from those who are most dear to him. The benignity at the end comes as a genuinely dramatic resolution of the conflict.

JOHN GIELGUD carries this highly debatable rendering to theatrical conviction I largely through his flawless speaking of the verse. His vocal control is never less than complete. While drawing fullness of poetic beauty out of the great speeches he is yet able effortlessly to compel the words to the exact shade of meaning he wishes to read into them. To the ear, anyway, this is a wonderful Prospero.

But it is not often in the theatre that fortune comes with both hands full. Mr. Brook, who has designed the entire production and is obviously trying hard to extend the new reading of Prospero, is nearly always much below his own par. The sombre cavern opening on to a permanent thunder-cloud is austere to the point of dullness. The jungle where the shipwrecked mariners wander, an attempt at pictorial simplicity, persists in looking like bunting at a fête on a rainy day. It may be that he has not worked quite hard enough to evolve the sort of scenery he had in mind, or it may be that the present indication will wear quite a different look when the production has run itself in and reached Drury Lane. Then his sound effects, his "quarter ear music," as he calls it to distinguish it from musique concrete, will come into their own and work as well as they did in Titus Andronicus.

> THE CHINESE Classical Theatre, the original of the Peking Opera, is to be presented in London for four weeks from September 16, by Peter Daubeny at Drury Lane. The acting required in this form of theatre is extremely subtle. The father and daughter (right) are rowing a non-existent boat, but their body movements explain the entire action clearly





## GOODWOOD WEEK POLO AT COWDRAY PARK

A GOOD view of the field is seen here, as Windsor Park and Silver Leys are in play for a quarter-final of the Harrison Cup in Goodwood Week polo at Cowdray



The Queen was accompanied by Lo. Cowdray when she arrived to watch the po.

Mr. A. G. Boyd Gibbins who plays for Silver Leys, Mrs. Gibbins and Mr. C. J. Latta





Rao Raja Hanut Singh is seen with the Countess of Rocksavage





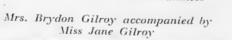
Luis Thomas Nelson and William Goni, members of the Media Luna team



Sir Har d and Lady Zia Wernher



Col. W. H. Gerard Leigh was with Mrs. H. P. Guinness





Col. H. P. Guinness with Mrs. W. H. Gerard Leigh

The Duke of Atholl with Mr. and Mrs. N. Morris

Desmond O'Neil











MARIE VERSINI is the seventeen - year - old Parisian actress who recently made a great impression when she played at the Theatre Antoine in L'Ombre. Our photograph above, by Tony Armstrong Jones, shows her as she will appear as the young country girl who goes to the guillotine with Carton in A Tale Of Two Cities, now being filmed



DOROTHY TUTIN co-stars in the Rank Organization film of A Tale Of Two Cities. Miss Tutin has appeared on the films but she is better known for her stage successes

#### At the Pictures

### CHARITY CORRUPTED

In the year 1925, a young person named Miss Joan Crawford starred with the Misses Constance Bennett and Sally O'Neill in Sally, Irene And Mary. The film was, of course, a "silent"—but when saucer-eyed Miss Crawford made her entrance it was as if somebody had struck a very big gong: WHAM! Here was indubitably a dominant personality, which was to develop with such stridency that when Miss Crawford romped across the silver screen in Our Dancing Daughters—"a flaming-youth opera" of 1928—it was as if the entire percussion section of a mad orchestra had been let loose.

Time and experience have taken the uproar out of Miss Crawford. She is still a dominant personality and often creates the impression of being slightly larger than life—but she has mellowed most satisfactorily and is capable of warmth and gentleness as well as dignity: ripeness is all. Miss Crawford gives, I think, the most sympathetic performance of her long career in The Story Of Esther Costello: it is certainly her most generous performance—for she lets most of the limelight go to twenty-three year old Miss Heather Sears, who plays the difficult title rôle quite beautifully.

Mrs. Landi (Miss Crawford), a rich but lonely American woman, is revisiting her Irish birthplace: it's the phoniest looking village of mud cabins but it obviously is in Ireland because the natives at least know how to pronounce "Costello" correctly—that is, with the accent on the first syllable. The local priest (Mr. Denis O'Dea—such a good actor) takes her to the squalid home of Esther Costello, a young girl who has been deaf, dumb and blind since childhood as the result of shock following a ghastly explosion.

Surely, now, says the priest, it would be a wonderful thing if Mrs. Landi would interest herself in the child and assume responsibility for her. After a deal of heart-searching, Mrs. Landi decides that it would. She takes Esther to America with her.



and

1957 381

DIRK BOGARDE, one of Britain's best and most popular film stars, takes the part of Sydney Carton, doomed to die on the scaffold, a rôle once taken by Ronald Colman

With infinite patience Mrs. Landi teaches the girl means of communication—lip-reading by touch, the deaf and dumb alphabet and Braille. The avidity with which Esther learns, once she has grasped what it is all about, is extremely affecting: Miss Sears's blank little face lights up and glows with the joy of achievement as new vistas of life open up before her.

Harry Grant (Mr. Lee Patterson), a reporter who has followed Esther's progress since her arrival in America, is immensely impressed with the results of Mrs. Landi's tuition. He urges Mrs. Landi to tell the world of her success with the afflicted girl—and, in the belief that she will be helping others similarly afflicted, Mrs. Landi launches a charity campaign in which Esther happily figures as Exhibit A.

UNLIKE the woman in Mr. Nicholas Monsarrat's novel on which the film is based, Mrs. Landi is perfectly sincere and disinterested: she desires only to do good. It is her worthless husband, Carlo Landi (Signor Rossano Brazzi), who, with the assistance of a villainous looking agent (Mr. Ron Randell), turns the campaign into a vast and lucrative racket. The film seems to me to skate too lightly over the hideous exploitation of the girl-but as it is already skidding rapidly into melodrama, perhaps stern realism would be out of place.

Carlo Landi is not content simply to make a fortune out of his wife's protégée—he now desires her. While they are in London—and Mrs. Landi is off on a brief trip to Brighton—Mr. Landi pounces on Esther and, as the Victorians put it, has his way with her.

The therapeutic effects of rape are quite remarkable: Esther is instantly restored to her full faculties. Mrs. Landi, on her return, guesses how the miracle was wrought and is full of pity for the bitterly distressed and bewildered girl. Slipping a revolver into her pocket (how is it that everybody in films seems to keep a revolver handy?), Mrs. Landi forces her husband to take her driving in the car. They are both killed. Poor Esther—what will become of her? You can safely leave that to the reporter, Mr. Grant: the Grants, though I say it myself, are a pretty reliable lot.

It is a pity the story has been allowed to get so out of hand, for the acting is fine and sensitive: under Mr. David Miller's



AMONG the others in the cast of sixty necessary for the film, which is being shot in France and England, is Miss Rosalie Crutchley, hitherto known for her stage parts

direction, Miss Sears provides a poignant study in regeneration and Miss Crawford presents a figure of compassion.

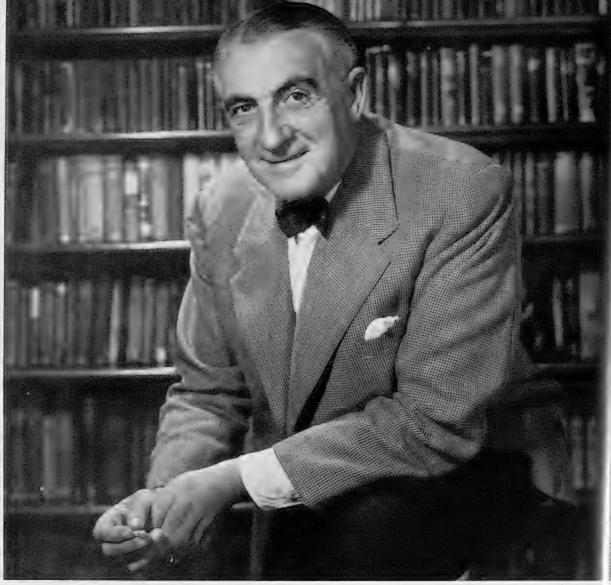
U.S. Army hospital in Normandy in 1945, just after the end A of the war in Europe, is the setting for high jinks between G.I.s and higher ranking nurses in Operation Mad Ball: there must have been some more recent high jinks about which a comedy could be made, one would have thought.

Mr. Jack Lemmon, as Private Hogan, shares with his fellow enlisted men a strong resentment against not being allowed to fraternize with the nurses-a well-groomed, unmedical looking bunch of beauty queens, of whom he finds Lieut. Betty Bixby the most attractive. An ingenious chap, who breaks army regulations as other men draw breath, he decides to organize a ball at an out-of-bounds inn where the female officers can let down their hair and the panting privates enjoy their forbidden company.

The operation, involving the theft of all manner of army supplies and the misdirection of army labour, is carefully planned in secret and carried out under the suspicious nose of Capt. Paul Lock (Mr. Ernie Kovacs—an amusing recruit from television), who guesses that something is up but cannot put his finger on it. The C.O. (Mr. Arthur O'Connell) is blissfully unaware of anything untoward afoot: he is too busy preparing a reception for his brother, a general, whose regiment is to pass through Le Havre.

The C.O.'s party threatens to clash with the privates' ball: as this would mean that the nurses would be roped in to entertain the general, drastic steps must be taken. How drastic, I could scarcely believe: through the machinations of a wild sergeant, Mr. Mickey Rooney, who is apparently in charge of troop movements, the general and his entire regiment are re-routed and shipped overseas before they know where they are. This leaves the nurses free to rollick with the G.I.s according to plan. And to show that their superior officers don't really disapprove, the C.O. obligingly takes Lieut. Bixby (Miss Kathryn Grant) to the ball and delivers her into the arms of Private Hogan.

If you are not depressed by the implication that the U.S. Army is completely haywire, you'll find the film very funny.



Clayton Eve.

## COL. WILLIAMS AT HOME

COL. J. H. WILLIAMS is seen (right) in the library of his lovely home on the cliffs above Lamorna Cove in his native Cornwall. Col. Williams, best known as an author for his "Elephant Bill," has recently published "The Spotted Deer" (Hart Davis, 21s.)

#### Book Reviews

## MILLIONAIRE QUEEN OF NEW YORK

-Elizabeth Bowen



ORCHESTRAL Thoughts, an illustration from the latest volume of Gerard Hoffnung's musical cartoons, "The Hoffnung Companion To Music" (Dobson/ Putnam, 4s. 6d.)

ONCE, over this earth roved mammoths. Later, indeed yesterday, Society knew creatures of like proportion, hardly less strange—America's virtual royalties: multi-millionaires. Born of the New World, but by habit migratory, they swept East, overwhelming our continent, selecting titled or princely mates for their young and acquiring numerous works of art. When at home, their headquarters were New York City and Newport, ultra-exclusive seaside resort. Though there still—believe it or not!—are very, very rich people, none live today on that old spectacular scale. Wellnigh historic interest attaches, therefore, to **The Vanderbilt Feud** (Hutchinson, 21s.). This, "The Fabulous Story of Grace Wilson Vanderbilt," is the work of her son, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

There can, I suppose, be no one who has not heard of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt—world-famous hostess, to friends known as "the Queen." Her death in 1953, at the age of eighty-one, marked the close of an era. Her Fifth Avenue palace, No. 640, is no more, but leaves an immortal memory: it was once, says her son, "almost as well known on the Continent as 10 Downing Street is today." Her wardrobes occupied an entire floor; her jewels—including a rose the size of a peony, fashioned entirely of diamonds and platinum—were said to be worth more than a million. Her first and last asset, however, was personality.

A ND it took all of that to bring the former Miss Grace Wilson to declared victory. How, the story recounts.

Mother's social influence became so powerful that her friends would brave a full-scale hurricane to dine at her table, rather than incur the risk of being stricken—even temporarily—from her list.

Yet at the beginning of her battle for social supremacy, Mother herself was stricken from many lists. My Aunt Belle, Lady Michael Herbert, called the Vanderbilts' and their friends' treatment of Mother "the greatest wickedness of the nineteenth century."

The cause of the unpleasantness was this—Cornelius Vanderbilt II and his steely wife ("Alice of the Breakers") took violent exception to their heir's marriage. They went to all lengths to stop it, but love prevailed. "Neily" (Cornelius III) was twentyone when, in August 1895, at a ball at The Breakers, the seaside mansion, he set eyes on Grace—third and by this time only unmarried daughter of Richard T. Wilson, multi-millionaire banker from Tennessee. Grace was a belle, wholly poised and faultlessly polished by four or five triumphant seasons in Europe: the then Prince of Wales, among others, had admired her. Her eyes were bright, but her reputation spotless. Further, there seems no reason why the Vanderbilts should have high-hatted the Wilson family—they themselves had only just recovered from being high-hatted by the Astors. The Vanderbilt pedigree, as their descendant ruthlessly points out, was brief.

The railway magnate clan had forked into two: William H., brother of Cornelius II (and father of the beautiful Consuelo), had, nearby at Newport, Marble House, which rivalled The Breakers in aching splendour, and an equivalent mansion in New York. It is our Mr. Vanderbilt's theory that melancholy undermined the tribe, and he bears this out by quoting his Uncle Willie, who said: "My life was never destined to be quite happy. It was laid out along lines which I could foresee almost from earliest childhood. It has left me with nothing to hope for, with nothing definite to seek or strive for. Inherited wealth is a real handicap to happiness. It is as certain death to ambition as cocaine is to morality."

And a sad pattern did also tend to repeat itself: successive Vanderbilt sons-and-heirs found themselves up against reigning fathers. Even so, the entire and bitter breach between Cornelius II and Cornelius III, on account of the latter's marriage, was extreme. It rent Society, throwing Sloanes, Twomblys and indeed the whole of New York's Four Hundred into disarray.... Meanwhile, the outlawed young couple proceeded calmly along their course. And what a course: royalties, yachting, intimate

little dinner parties for sixty. . . .

The Vanderbilt Feud is very well written. And so it should be: Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., broke free from the pre-ordained life complained of by Willie H. and became first newspaper man, then established author. (His Farewell To Fifth Avenue also should not be missed; inevitably it gained him the name of a renegade in his nother's circle.) Throughout, his attitude to the great lady is loyal, lispassionately admiring; irony is tempered by affection. . . . Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt uttered more than one immortal remark: 'I like to lead a well-rounded life,' and, "That's not a lady, larling, that's a woman," and, "Dear, poor Marie Antoinette, I sel so sorry for her. If the revolution ever came to this country, should be the first to go."

COMPTON-BURNETT'S latest novel, A Father And His Fate (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.), also deals with excessive family feeling. ndeed, we now recognize that this great author has made blood-relationship and its attendant psychological maladies her ubject. Grim would be the result were it not for Miss Compton-Burnett's exquisite humour, and the breath-taking twists and urns of each household drama. This time, the central figure is Miles Mallory, a gentleman fairly advanced in years and blessed with a wife, Ellen, and three daughters—Ursula, Constance,



THE ILLUSTRATION, "The Denial Of Peter," by Rembrandt Van Rijn, is taken from the beautifully produced "Christ And The Apostles" which, with a hundred plates, four in colour, is published by The Studio at 45s., acquired by the Hulton Press

Audrey. His property (like that of Mr. Bennet in *Pride And Prejudice*) is, unfortunately, entailed in the male line; therefore, Miles has taken into his house his nephew Malcolm Mowbray, perforce his heir. Also under his roof is Miss Gibbon, formerly governess to the girls.

NEARBY, within constant visiting reach, dwells Malcolm's widowed mother, Eliza, with her two younger sons and her companion, Miss Manders. And Eliza Mowbray, almost without warning, introduces a further inmate—Verena Gray, a dynamic young person with wide blue eyes, high colour, thin lips and a strong chin. Verena has recently lost her mother: grief, however, has not numbed her powers—in a flash she becomes engaged first to Malcolm, then to his uncle Miles.

How to Miles, since the *père de famille* is already married...? In this manner: he and his wife had set off for foreign parts; they were shipwrecked; Miles was saved, Ellen reported drowned.

Ellen Mowbray's return is preceded and followed by violent showdowns. Verena adapts to the situation and marries long-suffering Malcolm, after all. A splendid tea-table battle is to mark the homecoming of the honeymoon couple (for the preposterous plan is that all combatants shall continue to dwell together). And one last bomb, most shocking of all, is yet to explode. . . . This is no more than the lay-out of Miss Compton-Burnett's, so far, most drastic novel. If I have not aroused expectations, I have done badly. Those I have aroused, the book will exceed—I swear!

#### Britain in water-colours at the R.W.S. galleries

Mrs. Juliet Pannett, with Miss Phyllis Bedells Mrs. Edna W. Guy, the artist, was with Mrs. J. E. B. Barton

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Noel Hearsey, who had a picture on show









#### Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

## Paris

THERE are many well-designed points in this season's Paris collections and also confirmation of a tendency that has governed fashion for several past years—that is suppleness and easiness. Although the silhouette is straight pencil case, tube sheath, apron skirted with the middie blouse look for day dress, short jacket and slim kirt for suits—it nevertheless indicates that he waist has its natural place. Skirt lengths or day vary from the very short, seventeen to ighteen and a half inches from the floor, to he slightly longer of last season's.

Necklines are mostly collarless and rounded, soulders unpadded. Coats, because of the bulous fur trimmings (and hats to match), or ntirely fur lined, play an important part and implement the slim dresses. For the most art they are straight, sometimes double-easted buttoned, or full with huge bell eves, but always fur trimmed. The alternative is button-through single-breasted with lf material stole.

Cocktail dresses are fuller skirted but withit stiffness, and necklines are modest.

Evening gowns remain long, full and romancally splendid, usually with the fullness flowig backwards. These are worn with voluminous upe coats of the same material; or otherwise nort and slim.

Fabrics for day are the supple woollens in tashmere, light and shaggy Scottish mohair, basket weave, herringbone, mohair and sable cloths. For cocktail and evening, cashmere velvet, chiffon and lace, soft velvet, duchess satin and lamé, also georgette and all crèpes, romain and marocain.

The predominating colour is black and accentuated white. The runners-up are every tone of pink from deep Goya red to the palest of pinks, violent violet, blue in all the tones of a butterfly's wing, and sunbeam yellow.

Hats are close fitting to the head, trimmed usually with roses and flowers or fine fluffy feathers

The next week will be following up the London Collections for day clothes.



Michel Molinar

CASTILLO AT LANVIN. An evening dress in velvet and organza, heavily embroidered over the V-neck bodice and the top of the diagonally cut skirt, which plunges out into the form of an arum lily. The colour is Lanvin's new shade invisible pink (rose polignac)

THIS WEEK we show some of the new trends seen in the recent French collections. Opposite is Christian Dior's short evening dress in white nylon lace with a strapless top and bell-shaped skirt; it has a black satin overskirt dipping at the back which can also be worn over the shoulders



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ABOVE: Christian Dior's strapless dress in white tulle sparkles with embroidered sequins of iridescent sea-shell colours. The closely moulded bodice is scaled with the brilliants, which gradually fan out over the widely billowing skirt that falls from the well-defined waistline

## BRIGHT STARS OF THE CITY

RIGHT: Pierre Balmain's grande robe de soir in white tulle embellished with gold sequins has a high bodice trimmed in black velvet and white ermine; the skirt of layered tulle is immensely full. Worn with the dress is a black faille evening coat with a collar of white ermine





Michel Molinare

ABOVE: By Castillo at Lanvin, this beautiful evening dress in shining rose-coloured satin has a pannier skirt puffing out at the sides from a dipping band over the hips. The voluminous coat is of a deeper rose-coloured satin lined to match the dress

The
TATLER
and
Bystander.
AUGUST 28,
1957
388



PIERRE BALMAIN. This button-through coat has a collar-less rounded neck, long sleeves from shoulder to hem to emphasize its slender neck, and a barely defined waist. With it is worn a wide attached stole in the same bright blue tweed

## Daytime in the streets of Paris



TATLER and Bystander August 28 1957 389



CASTILLO AT JEANNE LANVIN. A double-breasted overcoat in a downy lightweight woollen material, the colour of crushed chestnuts; it is lined throughout in Australian oppossum to match the circular collar and hat

PIEF E BALMAIN. This full loose coat in a rough woollen mate al suggesting stitched jersey has a le bell sleeves. The colour blend with the tone of the Kam atka red fox trimming which forms a wide cape collar; the elvet hat tones to match



CHRISTIAN DIOR. A loose jumper dress in a steel-grey fine wool. It has a gathered front-and-back apron slit to show the slim skirt beneath and a loose V-neck jacket, and is worn with a rounded oppossum hat



## CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

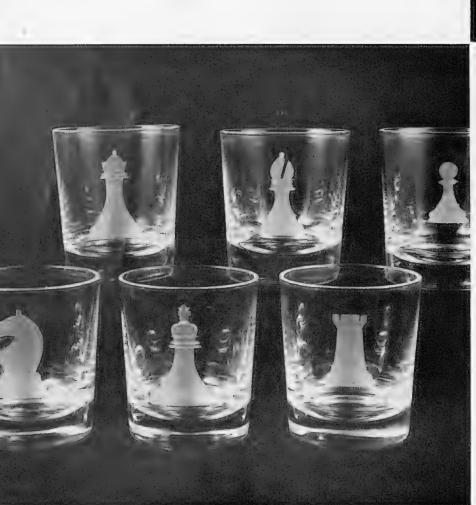
## TREBLE CHANCE

HERE is a three-piece by Crayson that will be equally at home in town or country. The softly tailored classic suit is in a warm ruby red and black fine wool tweed; it has a neat, gently-fitting jacket and slim skirt. Over it goes a loose, bulky three-quarter length coat (left) in a bold check boucle tweed toning with the suit. £31 10s. together, 13½ gms. and 16½ gms. separately, at Dickins and Jones, and Modiste, Andrew Street, Cambridge. Off-white satindraped melusine cloche by Gina Davies, approximately 99s. 11d. at Harvey Nichols, and Dalys, of Glasgow



## Reflections on the glass of fashion

SINCE its invention, glass, in the hands of skilled craftsman, has combined usefulness and beauty. On these pages are some fine examples of British glass which were shown at a recent exhibition in London, and are now available in most of the leading stores.—JEAN CLELAND



Hand-made and hand-engraved chessman whisky tumblers in Royal Brierley crystal, by Stevens and Williams Ltd., of Brierley Hill, approximately £2 3s.

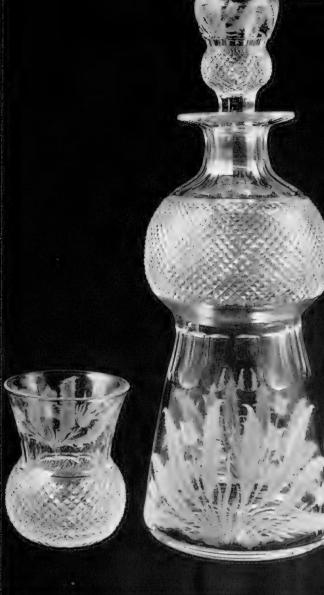


Decanter, £12 8s.; liqueur glasses, £10 a dozen; sherry glasses, £11 a dozen; stemmed goblets, £19 a dozen, approximate prices. They are made by Thomas Webb and Sons, Stourbridge

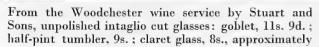


Fan-shaped vase, 11 in. in width with decoration in polished cutting; by Stuart and Sons, of Stourbridge, £13 13s., approximately











Clear lead crystal martini mixer with stirrer, by Stourbridge Glass Co. Ltd., three sizes. approx. £3 3s., £4, and £5

#### Beauty

## An after-holiday hair treatment





This basic set by Riche can be worn in a simple, uncomplicated style for daytime (above), easily manageable, or combed out and worn with a wide band for the evening (below)



ANY people returning from holiday find that their hair looks bleached, and is, in fact, several shades lighter than it was at the beginning of the summer. While this is often quite becoming, it is detrimental to the health of the hair, and an indication that some form of reconditioning is necessary to restore the gloss and correct the drying effects of sun and sea-water.

I say some form of treatment advisedly, because really good reconditioning varies according to the needs of the individual. At this time of year, trichologists attached to the leading hairdressing salons are busily engaged with scientific methods for promoting the health of the scalp, without which, despite the best possible shaping and styling, there can be no real "crown of beauty."

Familiar though I am with hair treatments in general, I sought closer and more detailed information by calling in for a chat with the trichologist at Riché of Hay Hill. To have entered into all the variations of the different treatments would have been impossible, but what I got was a clear outline of what, in the main, takes place when one goes to have one's hair reconditioned. Here are some of the things I learnt:

As a rule, I was told, when the hair has been dried up by sun and sea-water a slight scaliness of the scalp is present. If this is neglected it is likely to become worse, and interfere with the natural functioning of the sebaceous (oil) glands.

In starting to give a treatment, the first and chief consideration is to thoroughly cleanse the scalp with a medicant specially prepared for the purpose. There are various kinds, and the one used in each case depends on the degree of scaliness, and the general condition. Sometimes two medicants are used, a lotion and an ointment. The lotion comes first and is brushed on. This cleans the scalp, and the ointment which follows is rubbed on to encourage a healthy foundation of new skin.

In the case of very dry hair, the next step is a mixture of vegetable and animal oil, which in Riché's Salon is made up by the trichologist in the form of an emulsion. This is worked in with deep massage, which continues until the oil and other medicants are thoroughly absorbed. As a rule this takes about ten minutes, after which the head is treated in one of two ways. If extremely dry it is placed under a "steamer," which, by opening the pores, encourages a still deeper absorption. In other cases infra-red radiation is used.

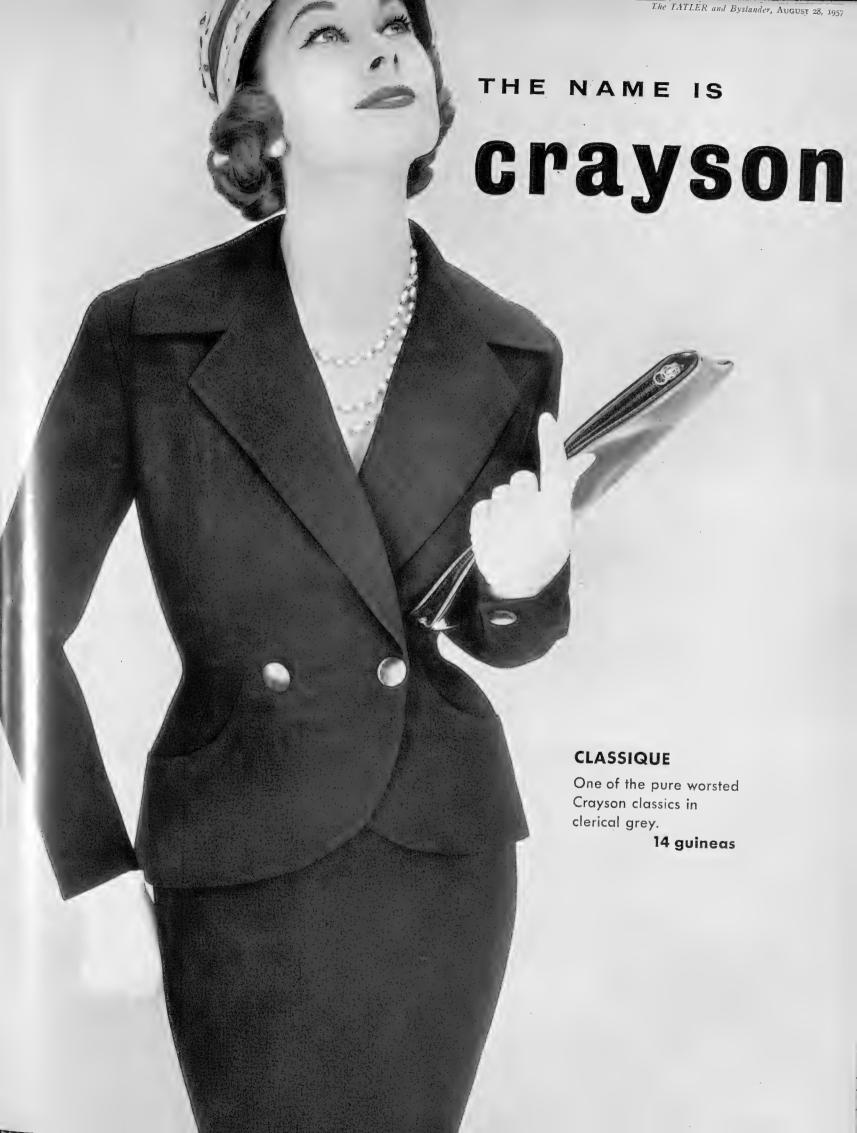
The latter method is particularly useful in the case of a scalp that is tight, or when any tension is present; also in cases of nervous strain. The irradiation helps to promote relaxation, and loosens up any of that constriction which prevents normal and healthy functioning. With either the steam or the lamp the head is left under the heat for about ten to fifteen minutes, after which the hair is washed with a medicated shampoo, chosen to suit the individual condition.

Finale to the treatment, after the hair has been washed and rinsed, is a conditioning cream, which is rubbed in and then rinsed off again. This is done to smooth down any roughness of the outer cuticles, which, overlapping each other like the tiles of a roof, are apt to get roughened as the result of sun and sea-water. The edges, instead of lying flat, tend to curl up. The conditioning cream softens them and smoothes them so that they lie flat again.

Much more difficult to deal with than straightforward dryness or oiliness is a condition which combines the two. One in which, while the scalp is naturally greasy, the hair itself is dry, especially at the tips. The dryness is usually brought about by seawater and the heat of the sun. In such cases it is strongly advisable to have a course of treatments as quickly as possible, to arrest the damage.

I asked the trichologist how such a combination is tackled. "The first thing, as before," he said, "is to thoroughly cleanse the scalp, and improve the dryness of the hair. After this, the next step is to correct the over-greasy condition, which is done by slowing down the oil secretions of the sebaceous glands by means of special medicants in conjunction with soothing massage."

-Jean Cleland





Yorke—Egerton. Mr. David John Yorke, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. E. Yorke, of Hellifield, Skipton, Yorks, married Miss Susan Alexandria Egerton, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. S. A. F. Egerton, of Hindon, Wilts, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Salter—Cooke. Mr. Raymond Muir Salter, only son of the late Mr. Harold C. Salter and Mrs. Salter, of Shelton House, Sloane St., S.W.1, married Miss Alicia Bancroft Cooke, only daughter of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Ronald Cooke, of Poland House, Odiham, Hampshire, at Hook, Hampshire



Anson-Fergie-Woods. Mr. John Anson, younger son of the late Sir Edward Anson, and the Dowager Lady Anson, of Meadows, Hatch Beauchamp, Taunton, married Miss Myrica Anne Fergie-Woods, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. Fergie-Woods, of Beech Court, Liphook, Hampshire, at St. Mary's Church, The Boltons, London, S.W.10



Windham-Wilkin. Major James Steuart Windham, R.A., elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H Steuart Windham, of Priory Cottage, Chicksands, Bedfordshire, married Miss Annette de Mestre Wilkin, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wilkin, of Gloucester, at Gloucester Cathedral

Barrett-Marsden. Mr. Robert Assheton Barrett, son of Capt. and Mrs. Coventry Barrett, of Weston Lodge, Malton, Yorkshire, married Miss April Joy Marsden, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Percy Marsden, C.I.E., and Mrs. Marsden, of Blandford, Dorset, at Child Okeford Church



#### RECENTLY MARRIED

Ley-Errington. The marriage took place recently between Mr. Ian Francis Ley, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Ley, of Shirley House, Brailsford, Derbyshire, and Miss Caroline Margaret Errington, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. George Errington, of Monkton Farm, Figtree, Southern Rhodesia, and Chesham Street, S.W.1, at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, S.W.1



### THEY ARE ENGAGED

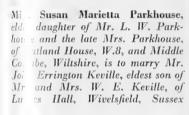
Miss Jane Fitzgerald-Lombard, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. Fitzgerald-Lombard, of Lanchester, Co. Durham, is engaged to Mr. Christopher Richard Grey-Edwards, only son of Capt. and Mrs. T. W. Lester Grey-Edwards, Pontrilas, Herefordshire



Vandyk



Miss Susan Anthea Motion, daughter of Mrs. Joane Motion, of Gore House, Bradpole, Dorset, and Mr. J. Trevor Motion, of London, is to marry Mr. John Norman Elliott, only son of Col. and Mrs. Norman Elliott, of Tittensor Cottage, Staffordshire





Yevonde



Miss Auriol Vane Hay Drummond, only daughter of Mr. G. V. and Lady Betty Hay Drummond, of Dornoch Mill, Crieff, Perthshire, is engaged to Mr. John Anthony Murray, only son of Mr. W. H. Murray, of Onslow Square, S.W.7, and Mrs. Robert Thomas, of Beeches Farm, Uckfield

.

Miss Sarah Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, only daughter of the late Capt. R. E. L. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, and the Hon. Mrs. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, of Queen's Gate, S.W.7, is engaged to Major Gilbert Lamb, Grenadier Guards, only son of Mr. Percy Lamb, Q.C., and Mrs. Lamb, of Chislehurst



# 3 Cheers!

## ...now Pimm's comes in 3 lengths!

PIMM'S NO. 1 CUP, the aristocrat of long drinks, now comes in three lovely lengths. First, in patrician pints, for he-men, peers of the realm, polo-players and other thirsty souls. Secondly, in honourable half-pints, for younger sons, dry debutantes and other sprigs of nobility. In this form it is often elevated to the peerage. Thirdly, as Pimmlets, served in a large wine glass, just the right length for a quick one when time is pressing.

A Pimmlet costs no more at the bar than an ordinary 'short'. It's likely to be the outstanding debutante of the season.

\* Pimm's of course is famous for its clean, refreshing flavour. Its base is pure English gin, laced with choice Continental liqueurs.

### PIMMS NO.1

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#### BEMBRIDGE YACHTING

AMONG those who enjoyed the yachting from Bembridge Sailing Club in fair weather were Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson seen (above) before racing

Miss Joan Turnor and Mrs. G. Gaselee Mr. and Mrs. Paddy Davies



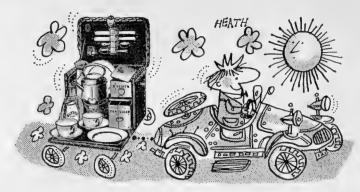
Mrs. Desmond Norman, Miss Elspeth Campbell

Miss Belinda Curling cleans out her dinghy

Betty Swaebe

Mrs. W. Straker-Smith, Miss Sally Inglis and Mr. George Davenport

The state of the s



Motoring

Oliver Stewart

#### PRESERVING THE VEHICLE

A NEW gadget on the market is the Bowmonk Dynometer. It deserves promotion from the gadget group to the basic instrument group, for it gives information about the condition of a car such as is obtainable by no other means outside fairly elaborate and extensive measurements. It is a form of accelerometer and the dial is so marked that acceleration and braking can be checked at any time and that the free running of the car (for instance, whether the brakes are binding) can be ascertained. The instrument will also state the steepness of any gradient.

Accelerometers have made much progress lately, mostly for aviation purposes. The recently developed inertial navigation systems—which demand no radio or radar communication—depend primarily upon extremely accurate accelerometers. But it has remained for the Doncaster firm of Bowser, Monks & Whitehouse to see what a valuable instrument an appropriately calibrated accelerometer can be to a motorist. Nearly all cars go up and down a good deal in performance during their lives and deterioration is often not noticed by the driver until it is becoming serious. The Dynometer enables it to be discovered early.

The instrument is easy to fit and, by virtue of its working method, requires no connections to electrical or other systems. It costs £5 15s.

Another gadget is a document case designed expressly for touring abroad. For the more muddle-headed, like myself, it is a difficult problem to carry the documents systematically arranged so that succeeding demands may be met expeditiously.

The case is made of leather and has compartments for such things as the carnet de passage, insurance certificate, passport and landing ticket. The makers are Barrow, Hepburn & Gale, of Grange Mills, Bermondsey. It should, of course, be added that a better way of dealing with touring documents even than that offered by the most ingenious and best-made document case is to abolish them. Lip-service to the ideal of abolition is paid from time to time by politicians, but they do little about it.

The indefatigable press and public relations department of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders is already pouring out information about the Forty-second International Motor Exhibition at Earls Court in October. I see that more than five hundred exhibitors are to be there and that nearly sixty car makers will be represented. There is going to be a new record in the area of display space, which is going to be 250,000 square feet (over 23,200 square metres).

France, Italy, Germany, Canada, the United States and Czechoslovakia are all exhibiting cars. As usual the show will be divided into eight sections, among them the Motor Boat and Marine Engines and the Accessory and Component sections. Admission prices have been settled at £1 before 5 p.m. and 10s. after 5 p.m. on the opening day (October 16) and October 22, with 5s. before 5 p.m. and 2s. 6d. after 5 p.m. on the other days.

The R.A.C. suggests...\_\_\_\_

That loss of power may mean a "decoke" is necessary. On the other hand, the fault could be due to any one of the following:

Dislodged spark-plug wires; broken or dead plugs; broken valve springs; burnt ignition points in the distributor; excessive retard caused by looseness of the distributor-head; and overtight brakes.

Attention to this six-point programme may increase the performance of your car surprisingly.

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of KEITH SCOTLAND



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# 



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It's easy to see why! Young women won't tolerate bulky external protection that might make them feel self-conscious about wearing a close fitting dress . . . that might chafe . . . that's definitely difficult to change and dispose of. In other words, they say: "Why should I add to my problems at 'problem times'?"

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NO BELTS
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NO UDDUR

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when in place. It even prevents odour from forming.
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or under the shower, and

is so small that a month's supply slips into the handbag.

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#### DINING OUT

#### Breakfast and black magic

HAVE had some requests for more information about all that goes on at Smithfield Market at the "crack of dawn."

When we were last there we were left in the Fox and Anchor drinking champagne and milk (fortified with Scotch) at 6.30 a.m. There were other things we could have had, such as bacon and mushrooms for 3s., haddock and poached egg for the same money; or rump steak and chips for 7s. 6d. Mr. Sykes, who runs the pub with his

wife, was on the market for many years, so knows his customers.

We then went off to the Cock Tavern, bang in the middle of the market, which serves drinks from 6.30 to 9.30 and coffee and grub all day, but not even the Pope of

Rome could get a drink between 9.30 and normal opening hours.

Finally to a breakfast of steak and chips at 9 o'clock at the Silver Grill of the Rutland, which has established a great reputation for their grills, expertly prepared by William Garfield, a young grill chef with previous experience both at the Savoy and as sous chef at the Bath Club. Here, of course, "wine or milk" is also available or a pint of wallop if you want it.

Over the grill are the words "Aux tard venus less os"—to the latecomers the bones!

It requires courage to consume a large steak with a bottle of Krug, followed by a large cigar at nine o'clock in the morning, and I think it is only fair to say that it is not "fizz" for breakfast every morning for the habituees, but I was a guest for the first time and the Market is famous for its hospitality.

TALKING of courage, the eminent Mr. George Gulley has drawn my attention to the gentlemen who control that excellent restaurant, Hatchett's in Piccadilly, who appear to have plenty. They admit in an advertisement in The Times both to operating on the Black Market and

A former ambassador, says the print, talking to his wife in 1957 about his favourite nephew says: "James has never looked back since we took Susan and him to Hatchett's on their first wedding anniversary twelve years ago." He then goes to his writing desk to search for the menu and continues: "Here it is, Mary, the menu Gerold, the manager, prepared for us. It certainly was a memorable occasion." He then reads it out and this is what it was: Canteloup Frappè (Batard Montrachet 1953), Delice de Sole Veronique, Selle D'Agneau Persillé, Pommes Anna, Jersey Peas (Château Margaux Premier Cru), Bombe Nelusko Avec Framboises, Château d'Yquem 1948, Grande Fine Champagne 1928.

Twelve years ago takes us back to 1945. What a remarkable feast when, apart from cover charges and extra allowed for oysters and coffee, you were restricted to a five shilling maximum for food, and what a miracle to have a 1948 d'Yquem and a 1953 Batard Montrachet in 1945-

Black Market and Black Magic indeed!





IVO TREVELLI, Reception Manager, Quaglino's this year. Born at Brescia, the son of an Italian hotel proprietor, he came to London in 1910 for one year to learn English, and has been in this country ever since that year

#### DINING IN

#### Ways with mad-apples



UBERGINES or egg-plant fruit (sometimes called mad-apples) come here in two shapes—the long ones, about the size of large ridge cucumbers but thicker at one end than the other, and the shorter, almost round, type which I prefer.

I suppose that stuffed aubergines and Moussaka (Turkish style) are the best-known

ways of dealing with them, but I like them served as fritters and also "Provençale."

For fritters (for four), cut two aubergines into thin slices. Sprinkle them with pepper and salt, leave for up to an hour, then drain and press gently in a linen cloth. Dip in fritter batter and fry to a golden brown in deep hot fat.

For Aubergines Provençale (for four), slice two to three peeled aubergines, sprinkle them with salt, leave for an hour or so then drain and dry as above. Fry on both sides in a little olive oil.

Meanwhile, peel, quarter and de-seed four to five ripe medium-sized tomatoes and fry them and a finely chopped segment of garlic separately in further olive oil. Add the cooked aubergines, toss together and season further to taste. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve.

For Stuffed Aubergines (for four), halve two good-sized aubergines, lengthwise. Cut deeply, criss-cross, into the flesh, without cutting through the skin. Sprinkle with salt, leave for an hour, then drain off the liquid. Heat together a tablespoon each of butter and olive oil. Place the aubergines, cut sides down, in them and cook gently until the flesh is softened. Scoop it out with a spoon.

In the same pan gently fry a chopped onion, a chopped segment (clove) of garlic and four chopped mushroom stems until the onion is translucent, adding a little more butter if necessary. Add the chopped aubergine pulp, a large breakfastcup of chopped cooked lamb and a teaspoon of tomato purée blended in a tablespoon of water. If the mixture seems a little dry, add a further tablespoon of water or stock and season all to taste.

Place the aubergine shells in a buttered shallow oven-dish and pile the rich mélange into them.

Sprinkle generously with grated dry cheese and brown under the grill.

For Moussaka (for five to six), prepare four halved aubergines as above. After draining off the salt liquid, fry them, cut sides down, in olive oil until soft. Scoop out the pulp, leaving the skins intact. Fry three to four chopped onions in the oil until translucent, adding a little more oil if required. Add and fry four quartered, skinned and de-seeded tomatoes and season each vegetable as it is cooked. Add up to two cups of minced or chopped cooked lamb and bind all with two to

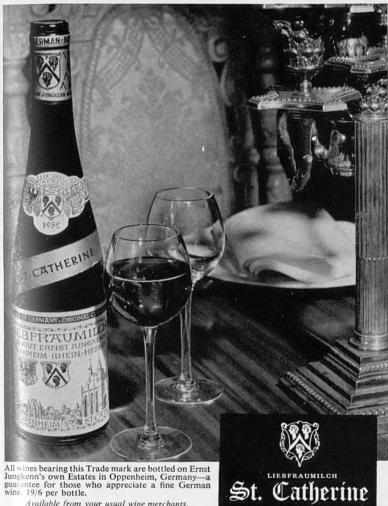
Have ready a buttered mould just large enough to hold the mixture. Line it with the aubergine skins, purple side next the dish, leaving some skins over-hanging. Fill the dish with the mixture and draw the over-hanging skins over the top. Stand the mould in a little water in a baking-tin and bake for 45 minutes at 375 deg. Fahr. or gas mark 4. Remove, leave for a few minutes, then turn out on to a heated dish and surround with tomato sauce.

-Helen Burke



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